The Sonoma Index-Tribune.

VOL. XXI. SONOMA, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1899 NO. 25.

SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNINGS.

H. H. GRANICE, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

PER YEAR (in advance) - - - - $2 50
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SIX MONTHS - - - - - - - - - - 1 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

Square of 250 ems, first insertion - $1 50
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☞ Yearly and Quarterly advertisements inserted at reasonable prices—a liberal reduction on the above rates being made. ☜

CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC—Father Quill will celebrate Mass in St. Francis' Church at 8:30 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday school will be held at 9:45 A. M.

CONGREGATIONAL—Rev. Mr. Milliken Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 12:15 P. M. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 2:30 P. M. Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor meets at 6:30 P. M. every Sunday.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL — Rev. H. Pearce Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:15 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesdays at 7:30 P. M. Young Peoples' Society of Epworth League at 6:30 P. M. Sunday.

FRRATENAL SOCIETIES.

F. & A. M.

TEMPLE LODGE, NO. 14, F. & A. M., meets in the Masonic Hall on the Tuesday evening on or preceding the full moon of each month.
ROBT. A. POPPE, W. M.
JESSE BURRIS, Secretary.

O. E. S.

VALLEY OF THE MOON CHAPTER, No. 85, Order of Eastern Star, meets in the Masonic Hall on the Thursday evening on or preceding the full moon of each month.
MRS. A. McHARVEY, W. M.
MISS MATTIE GOODMAN, Secretary.

I. O. O. F.

SONOMA LODGE, NO. 28, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows Hall every Saturday evening. J. B. SMALL, N. G.
JAS. H. ALBERTSON, Recording Secretary.

VERDANT REBEKAH DEGREE Lodge, No. 99, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows Hall on the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month.
MARJORIE LINEHAN, N. G.
MRS. ALICE WAGNON, Secretary.

N. S. G. W.

SONOMA PARLOR, NO. 111, N. S. G. W., meets on the first Monday evening in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
BENJAMIN WEED, President.
L. H. GREEN, Secretary.

Y. M. I.

SONOMA VALLEY COUNCIL, No. 45, Y. M. I., meets the first Wednesday evening of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
R. J. DOWDALL, President.
T. GRAHAM, Secretary.

U A O D

SONOMA GROVE, NO. 75, U. A. O. D., meets on the first and third Fridays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
F. CANEVARI, P. A.
A. G. BULOTTI, Corresponding Secretary.

A O U W

PUEBLO LODGE, NO. 168, A. O. U. W., meets first and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. H. Neyce,

SEARCHER OF RECORDS AND CONVEYANCER, loans negotiated. Office, 31 and 32 Doyle & Overton Block, Santa Rosa Cal.

ROBERT A. POPPE.

Attorney at Law,

Office: East Side of Plaza, Sonoma, Cal.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

G. D. RICH, M. D.

Physician & Surgeon.

OFFICE—CLEWE BUILDING, Sonoma, Cal. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 12 M. and 2 P. M. to 4 P. M.

W. GOTTENBERG,

DENTIST,

OFFICE CLEWE BUILDING.

—— CAL.

Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

H. McKENZIE,

Plasterer . .

Decorator and

General Contractor,

Plastering and Cement Work a Specialty. All repairing done on short notice and on reasonable terms. All work done in FIRST-CLASS STYLE & GUARANTEED. Leave orders at Union Hotel or at this office.

WANTED—SEVERAL TRUSTWORTHY persons in this state to manage our business in their own and nearby counties. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Salary straight $900 a year and expenses—definite, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Monthly $75. Refrences. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelop, Herbert E. Hess, Prest., Dept. M. Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ACTS GENTLY ON THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSES THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY, DISPELS COLDS, HEADACHES & FEVERS OVERCOMES HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

BUY THE GENUINE - MAN'F'D BY

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. PRICE 50c. PER BOTTLE.

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. Druggists sell the 50c. size; Trial size by mail, 10 cents. Test it and you are sure to continue the treatment.

Announcement.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for *catarrhal troubles*, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

California Northwestern Railway Co.

LESSEE OF

SAN FRANCISCO AND NORTH PACIFIC R'Y CO.

Official Time Schedule.

Leave Sonoma.			Effective Oct. 15, 1899.	Arrive Sonoma.	
WEEK DAYS	SUN DAYS	TO AND FROM.	SUN-DAYS	WEEK DAYS
6.18 AM	8.10 AM	San Francisco	10.25 AM	10.30 AM
2.45 PM	3.37 PM	San Rafael and intermediates	7.15 PM	7.20 PM
10.30 AM	10.25 AM	Glen Ellen and	8.10 AM	6.18 AM
7.20 PM	7.15 PM	intermediates	3.37 PM	2.45 PM
6.18 AM	8.10 AM	Novato Petaluma Santa Rosa and	10.25 AM	10.30 AM
2.45 PM	3.37 PM	intermediates	7.15 PM	7.20 PM
6.18 AM 2.45 PM	8.10 AM	Cloverdale Healdsburg Lytton and intermediates	7.15 PM	10.30 AM 7.20 PM
6.18 AM	8.10 AM	Ukiah and intermediates	7.15 PM	7.20 PM
6.18 AM	8.10 AM	Sebastopol and	10.25 AM	10.30 AM
2.45 PM	3.37 PM	intermediates	7.15 PM	7.20 PM
6.18 AM	8.10 AM	Guerneville and	7.15 PM	10.30 AM
2.45 PM		intermediates		7.20 PM

H. C. WHITING, Gen. Manager. R. X. RYAN Gen. Pass. Agt.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

NERVITA Restores VITALITY, LOST VIGOR AND MANHOOD

Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indiscretion. **A nerve tonic and blood builder.** Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail **50c** per box; **6** boxes for **$2.50**; **with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.**

NERVITA MEDICAL CO.

Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale by Edward Wegner, Druggist, Sonoma, Cal.

WANTED SEVERAL PERSONS FOR DISTRICT Office Managers in this state to represent me in their own and surrounding counties. Willing to pay $600, payable weekly. Desirable employment with unusual opportunities. References exchanged Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope S. A. Park, 320 Caxton Building, Chicago.

A FAIRY GRAVE.

Let a little grave be made,
Half in shadow, half in shade,
In a quiet, kindly place,
Friendly as her face.

Let the passing fairy bird
From his airy height be heard;
Ever, ever for that ground
Only gentle sound.

Let the singing winds, which be
Winged dream and melody,
Singing softly, by her lie,
Softly singing, die.

Let the bee has sucked the bloom
Homeward journey by her tomb,
And his tithe of sweet be paid
To her sweeter shade.

Let the low clouds, red and gold,
Mourn her on the mountains old;
Beauty, aye her guardian be,
You and melody.

Spirits of sound and souls of flowers,
All you dearest griefless powers,
You with whom she went away,
Tend her night and day.

—John Vance Cheney in Century.

BECAUSE OF IDEALS

He Won Her In Poverty and Married Her In Riches.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked.

It was past 8 o'clock on a wet winter night, and they had just come out of church, where the vicar had been discoursing eloquently on the social equality of man.

The girl looked up at the sky, opened her umbrella, and said, "Yes."

"You think he was right?" The man nodded his head in the direction of the building they had just left.

"Not at all," said she, with a little toss of her head. "I think he was all wrong in general."

"But in particular?"

"You and I have nothing to do with particulars," she remarked, kicking away a stone which lay in her path.

"We are particulars"—briefly.

"No, we are not," retorted the girl. "We are most decidedly generals. My father is General Carwithen, my grandfather was General Carwithen; your father is—a general dealer." This latter was said under her breath.

The man did not contradict her; he merely asked her if it made any difference to themselves.

"I think we are, and always shall be, as far apart as those two stars," she said sadly.

The rain had ceased, and two watery stars twinkled feebly in the gloomy sky.

"I am nearly home now," she said, after a little silence. "You had better not come any farther. Good night."

The man apparently did not see the hand she held out. He said good night laconically, but he turned and watched her until she was out of sight.

Once home, she flung herself on the bed in an agony of despair. The man found his friend awaiting him on his doorstep.

"Hello! You look a bit down in the mouth, Needham. I knew this business wouldn't work satisfactorily," he said.

"It's working splendidly," answered the other.

"Then what is it?" asked his friend.

Randal Needham gave a little laugh and shrugged his shoulders. "The tale is as old as the hills, Arthur," he said. "I am in love."

"Phew!" ejaculated his friend.

"Oh, it's all right," said Needham. "She is a perfect lady." Arthur glanced round his friend's study. Violins and bows galore littered the room; music was the dominating passion of the man's life.

"She doesn't know?" he asked.

"Not she!" answered Needham. "She thinks my father is a general dealer in—only heaven knows what! But I'll make her own she loves me before she does know. No one here has ever guessed my story. I am a poor violin teacher, pure and simple."

"Not so simple, either." Grosvenor laughed.

The two men had brought out their pipes and sat puffing away at them to their heart's content.

"Look here, I met an old woman I know in the street today," went on Grosvenor. "I told her I was staying with you, and she asked me to dine there; she turned up her lofty nose with scorn at the bare idea of you joining her select party at table. No one is good enough for Mrs. Ranter; she has her precious 'girls'' future to think of, and you are not an eligible."

"Ranter!" echoed Needham. "Why, that's the name of my best pupil's mother. "Are you going?"

"Is thy servant a dog?" returned Grosvenor.

"Mrs. Ranter is one of the most arrant humbugs on the face of this earth. Nothing short of a title is worth anything to her," said Needham.

"Oh, I know her," returned the other. "I think she would sell her soul for position."

"If she had one," added Needham, and they both laughed.

"How did that 'general dealer' idea get about?" asked Grosvenor. He had stopped smoking to refill his pipe.

"Oh, I don't know!" answered the other. "I expect Mrs. Ranter is at the bottom of it, and I haven't contradicted it because it served my purpose well."

"You were always a rum chap, you know," said his friend. "I can't think how it is people don't see through you."

Needham paused in the act of putting some coal on the fire. "I have always had my ideals," he said. "One of them was to be loved and married for myself alone. My father being out in Canada made it easy for me to sink my identity. And I've had an ideal existence, too," he added. "It's rather fun to be snubbed when you know it is unnecessary."

Grosvenor looked thoughtfully into the fire. "I had ideals, too, once upon a time," he said. "I would have died for any of them any day. The difficult part was to live up to them."

"Don't outlive them, old fellow," said Needham. "It is a mistake. When the real shines in the reflected glory of the ideal, it is always the better for it."

"Do you really think so?" asked Grosvenor as he got up. "I am off to bed now. If I stay up any longer you will be persuading me to follow your example, and I don't think I should find it as amusing as you did."

The next morning Randal Needham was coming back from giving a lesson when he saw Cecil Carwithen in front of him. She was carrying her violin case and looked white and tired.

"You must let me have that," he said masterfully, pointing to the case. "And now tell me why you are looking so pale this morning."

A slight flush mounted to her brow. "I am tired," she said briefly.

"That isn't all," he replied.

At this moment Mrs. Ranter bore down upon them. She cut the girl, and bowed icily to Needham. It would not do for her to offend him, Kate was beginning to play the violin so well under his careful tuition.

"Cecil," said the man, possessing himself of her hand, "you know I love you, dear. Couldn't you make up your mind to marry me some day?"

"It's no use," she said sadly. "My parents would never consent."

"Oh, yes they would!"—in a triumphant tone.

"Our lives lie in different directions," objected the girl.

"But I make enough to keep you," urged Needham. "You need never do a stroke of work. And I am not common nor vulgar, whatever my father may be. Cecil, say you love me."

The girl looked at him, and he read the answer in her brown eyes. Then she seized her violin out of his hand and fled, leaving him staring stupidly after her, with a whole world of joy on his face.

For the next week neither of them saw each other. Randal Needham went away suddenly the day after, and staid away, to the surprise of his pupils (for it was term time), and the righteous indignation of Mrs. Ranter. "But what could one expect of a man like that?" she whispered confidentially to her bosom friend, a lady whose great niece had married the great nephew of a baronet.

Needham came back the day after this charitable remark had been made. He was in deep mourning, and his first visit was to General Carwithen. Cecil was in the garden, and thither he wended his way after the interview was over.

"I have come to claim you," he said.

"What has made father consent?" asked the girl. The tones of her voice were incredulous.

"I have informed him of a few facts; and now I must break them gently to you," answered he.

The wind had ruffled Cecil's hair, and he smoothed it back with a loving gesture.

"I am not bound to work for a living," he said, "and"—

"Well?" she queried anxiously.

"Look at that," he said, thrusting a paper into her hand and turning away, so that he might not see her face. He need not have been afraid.

Cecil read the marked paragraph, "The funeral of Lord Conningham." There was also a likeness of the heir, and it and the man sitting beside her were identical.

Mrs. Ranter was considerably astonished the next morning to get a letter in the ex-violin's master's handwriting: "Lord Conningham regrets that he will be unable to continue Miss Ranter's lessons, as he is leaving Leominster."

Still more surprised was she at the announcement of his engagement to Cecil Carwithen, which her daughters read out of the local papers a few mornings later.

"Girls!" she said to those two young ladies, "why didn't we ask him to dinner?"

And echo answered, "Why?"—St. Paul's Budget.

Left In the Cars.

I once heard Artemus Ward tell an audience that he had gifts of oratory, but didn't happen to have them with him that evening. I suppose most people flatter themselves that they have fairly good memories. Perhaps they have, but the lost parcel room of the elevated railroad goes far to indicate that they don't have their memories with them when they travel. I asked the lost parcel clerk yesterday how many things were left in the cars. He said that the average is about 150 pieces a day, of one sort and another. While I was talking to him a gentleman was waiting to see if a pair of roller skates, which his little girl had left in the cars last week, had turned up. It turned out that they had turned up.—New York Mail and Express.

Old Handles on New Umbrellas.

"It is not unusual," said an umbrella dealer, "for a person to use the same handle on more than one umbrella, having it shifted from a wornout umbrella to a new one. The handle thus shifted might be a valuable one, too costly to throw away, or it might be an inexpensive one that just suited the carrier. Many people are particular about the handle of an umbrella, as to its size and shape, and thus want one that just suits them if they can get it. They may run across such an umbrella and buy it, or they may search for it and find it, and when the umbrella to which it is attached wears out then very likely they have the handle of the new umbrella that they buy taken off and the old handle, that they like, substituted for it."—New York Sun.

AN ODD TOWN IN MEXICO.

A Place Where the Fashions Are the Same as Centuries Ago.

Mexico is becoming Americanized and modernized in a deplorable degree, but in the interior there are still towns and villages not touched by the hand of "improvement."

Tehuantepec is one of the oldest of Mexican cities, and it is so far away from the beaten track of the tourist and trader that the olden customs and costumes remain nearly as they were two or three centuries ago.

The two women wear a bodice or "camisa" of white linen, with insertion around the neck and sleeves of the beautiful Mexican drawn work, which is bordered by embroidery of red and green. The skirt is generally bright green, closely plaited and with a deep border of brilliantly colored cloth or white drawn work. A broad red sash, "rebosa," is knotted around the waist and falls nearly to the edge of the skirt. The costume is completed by bright green slippers. Stockings are unknown.

The headdress is remarkable. It is called "huipil," and is made of a broad, stiffly starched lace flounce, very full, on a narrow yoke. The flounce extends around the neck, as well as the lower edge of the yoke, and is drawn over the head and around the shoulders, framing the face in a quaintly demure fashion.

The women are fond of jewelry, and especially of long necklaces made of gold coins. They have control of the greater part of the business. They throng the markets every day, some with native chocolate, some with flowers and vegetables and some with ornaments and native cloths. They excel in the Mexican drawn work, and dealers come from all the large cities to buy of them.

Many of the women are handsome in a vivid, tropical way. They are tall and straight, with superb physical development, flashing brown eyes, olive skin and red lips.—Brooklyn Eagle.

QUEER WAYS OF NATURE.

Where the Tortoise Is a Barometer and Flies Eat Spiders.

The tortoise is not an animal one would naturally fix upon as likely to be afraid of rain, but it is singularly so. Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Galapagos tortoise makes for some convenient shelter. On a bright, clear morning when not a cloud is to be seen, the denizens of a tortoise farm on the African coast may sometimes be seen heading for the nearest overhanging rocks. When that happens, the proprietor knows that rain will come down during the day, and, as a rule, it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails. This pre-sensation, or whatever you may call it, which exists in many birds and beasts may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming, partly by habits of living and partly from the need of moisture which is shared by all.

If we want to find a country where nature has turned things topsy turvy—that is, according to our notion—we must go to Australia. Many things are reversed in that country. It is summer there while it is winter in America. Trees shed their bark instead of their leaves; fruit has the stone, or kernel, outside; swans are black; there is a species of fly that kills and eats the spider, and a fish, called the climbing perch, that walks deliberately out of the water and, with the aid of its fins, climbs the adjacent trees after the insects that infest them. When to this we add that most of the birds have no song and the flowers no odors, it is easily seen that it is on the other side of the world in more senses than one.—Atlanta Constitution.

Germans consume as much wine, beer and brandy every year as would equal one-half of the French indemnity after the Franco-German war.

Dr. Pierce's
FAVORITE
Prescription
IT MAKES HEALTHY MOTHERS AND HAPPY CHILDREN
"I have taken two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and am well and strong. I have been the mother of four children, but I am getting along better this time than I ever did before.
—Mrs. Alfred Clark, Hiteman, Monroe Co., Ia.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. C. WAHLEN,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

Diamonds, Jewelry,

WATCHES, SILVERWARE

OPTICAL GOODS, Etc.

No need to go to the city for HOLIDAY Goods. We have the largest stock in Sonoma county. DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, CLOCKS and SILVER NOVELTIES. Buying direct for Cash from the manufacturer I can save you money, and in fact I have not the expense that the merchants in San Francisco have.

J. C. WAHLEN, THE LEADING JEWELER

835 Main St., Petaluma

ALLEN H. BLACKBURN

AGENT FOR

Monuments, Gravestones, Copings, Etc

Call and examine the large collection of handsom designs at my office,

No. 910 Main st., Petaluma.

G. P. MARTINELLI,

—DEALER IN—

Stoves, Ranges, Windmills,

Tin & Copperware, Sheet Iron, Water, Gas, Terra Cotta and Sewer Pipe.

Incubator and Brooder Work receive careful attention. Orders for Plumbing, Gas-Fitting, Jobbing, etc., promptly and satisfactorily filled.

904 MAIN ST., PETALUMA, CAL.

Sahlein's

BON-TON MILLINERY

873 MARKET STREET,

OPPOSITE POWELL. SAN FRANCISCO.

GO TO THE—

Central Market

FOR FINE—

BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, PORK, SAUSAGE, HAMS & BACON

VEGETABLES, EGGS, CHEESE AND BUTTER. FRESH FISH EVERY THURSDAY.

HENRY WEBER,

PROPRIETOR.

A PLEASANT AND NEAT RESORT.

The "O. K."

Napa Street, Sonoma.

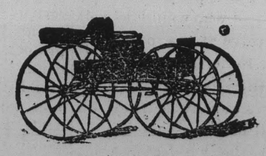
Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

WM. KERNER,

PROPRIETOR.

UNION

Livery and Feed Stables.



SONOMA, CAL

GRANVILLE S. HARRIS, Proprietor.

First-class Stables in Every Particular.

HORSES BOARDED BY THE DAY, WEEK OR MONTH.

☞ Terms Reasonable. ☜

Stage Office of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

H. H. GRANICE,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

SONOMA CAL.,

Dried Fruit Wanted.

Highest market price paid for Dried Fruit of all kinds. Also for Green Fruit for drying.

JOHN BATTO & SON,

Vineburg, Sonoma county, Cal.

The Index-Tribune

SONOMA, DECEMBER 30, 1899.

H. H. GRANICE - - - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE INDEX-TRIBUNE extends a New Year's greeting to its patrons and friends.

THE year 1899 is soon to be dethroned and the young 1900 will be its successor. The cycle of Time goes on and is as sure and unavoidable as Death itself. Soon a new century will dawn and yet this new era to be, after five score years, will wane as even now the nineteenth century. Let all realize this passing of Time. Let all prepare to make the best of their opportunities while yet their short lives are on the calendar. Let the records of your lives be your monuments. Idle words on a cold stone will not tell the story or benefit succeeding ages. It is only the deeds of men that live—deeds of men embalmed with progress.

THE proposition to bond the City of San Francisco for $4,000,000 for parks and other public improvements was carried last Wednesday by a vote of 21,900 for and 7,840 against. Had the silurian element of San Francisco engaged the Sonoma harness maker to yell "mortgage, boodle," and a lot of other senseless twaddle the victory of the progressive element would have been still greater. With the assistance of this pullback the water advocates of this place expect to win out the next time the water proposition is submitted to the people as our citizens are now dead on to his little game to balk everything in the way of public improvemensts out of pure cussedness and on general principles. Nobody but a fool would follow his lead in his blind opposition to electric lights and water.

THE copious rains of the past two months has set all the mountain streams to running and our local fishermen are looking forward to great sport when the season opens for trout on April 1st. For the past two years, owing to the meagre rainfall, the mountain streams in this valley tributary to Sonoma creek, some sixteen in number, have afforded little or no sport to nimrods as the fish were unable to run up to their spawning grounds. However, there is an abundance of water in these streams at the present time and will be until late next fall. This means early and late fishing provided "that editor" that Constable Ohm darkly hints at don't catch 'em all before the season opens.

THE year of 1900 will open very auspiciously for the Sonoma valley farmer, fruit-raiser and dairyman. The fruit buds have been kept back by the recent cold snap, the farmer has been enabled to seed his land and there never was such an abundance of feed for stock as there is at the commencement of the New Year.

THE time for "swearing off" is now near at hand. This reminds us that there are some people in this town we know of who would do well to make a resolve at the outset of the New Year to hereafter attend to their own business and let that of their neighbors alone. If they do this there will be more harmony in Sonoma than the "oldest inhabitant" ever dreamed of.

THE City Trustees meet in regular semi-monthly session next Wednesday evening.

AFTER to-morrow don't forget to write it 1900.

THE bombardment af Ladysmith still continues.

Don't Stop

taking Scott's Emulsion because it's warm weather. Keep taking it until you are cured.

It will heal your lungs and give you rich blood in summer as in winter. It's cod liver oil made easy.

50c. and $1. All druggists.

GRAND JURY REPORT.

HONEST AND ECONOMICAL OFFICIALS.

Forty-two Convictions Secured by District Attorney Webber the Past Year.

With thanks for the attention given their duties, the grand jury of Sonoma county were discharged by Superior Judge Dougherty, having concluded their labors, at 2 P. M. on Thursday of last week.

Shortly before that hour Foreman W. D. Houx and the members of the jury came into department two and filed their report. A resume of the report is herewith appended. H. L. Bagley of Guerneville was secretary of the jury.

The report at the outset details the organization of the jury and a commendation of the services of Expert A. S. Luce. It continues:

"The affairs of the county in general are in a satisfactory condition. The accounts of different officers were found correct, except a few clerical errors and balances, which are set forth in the expert's report. These have been placed in the hands of the district attorney for adjustment. We have examined six criminal cases, which were brought before us, but have found no indictments." The grand jury was in session ten days.

In the office of the treasurer everything was found in good order and the same is said of the district attorney's office.

The assessor's office was found to be in first-class shape. A file case for the assortment blanks is recommended as an absolute necessity, not only for the assessor's use but for every tax payer in the county.

The books and general condition of the sheriff and tax collector's office were inspected by the jury and the report states that everything is in first-class condition. The kalsomining and painting of woodwork in three rooms, a desk and shelving for assessment rolls and tax receipts and two plain bulletin boards for the office are recommendations made.

The office of the auditor and recorder, the report says, is conducted in an efficient and painstaking manner. The copying of records by typewriters is heartily endorsed. Strips of carpeting are recommended to be laid on the stairway to deaden the noise which interferes at times with the work. Attention is also called to the fact that two radiators do not give out sufficient heat to warm the building.

The county farm is well kept. Some repairs are recommended to be made on the old building and further that sufficient trees be planted to supply the hospital and farm with fruit. Another recommendation is that Farmer Yates be retained and instructed to keep a correct record of all products raised on the farm.

The grand jury found the hospital in excellent condition, and say that too much praise cannot be given to doctor and matron for the manner in which it is conducted. The kitchen was found to be neat and clean. The jurors recommended that broken plastering in the court house building should be repaired and that the woodwork in the hallways be varnished and the outside doors be adjusted to swing both ways. The jail and hall of records were found in good condition.

The jail and its affairs were found to be properly managed by the officers in charge. The jury recommended that the main entrance be protected by an iron lattice partition with jail door and lock placed four feet inside of present wooden door, and that the two front and west windows be protected with iron bars. These recommendations are made, as in the opinion of the jury the additions are necessary. Regarding the striped uniforms worn by the prisoners the jury finds that compelling a prisoner to wear stripes is not warranted by law; further that the providing of the uniforms is an unnecessary expense; that the wearing of the uniform is a cruelty on the prisoner not inflicted by the judgment of the court; that it is not practiced in any other county in the state. The jury recommends that in future no other prisoners, except those convicted of felony, should be forced to wear stripes.

The grand jury found that a number of bills against the county were not properly itemized and O. K'd as prescribed by law. Special mention is made of amounts for expenses of the district attorney and board of supervisors in attending county business at Sacramento. The grand jury found that the above mentioned bills were not properly itemized and therefore should not have been allowed by the board of supervisors and that the bills were not itemized in compliance with the law. A recommendation is made to the effect that the district attorney and supervisors use more care and discretion in all matters pertaining to the expenditure of the funds of the county.

The report of Expert Luce is made a part of the grand jury report. Mr. Luce says that he feels he can safely state that the business of the county as a whole has been very well cared for. A few minor mistakes are referred to but there are no special facts of a criminal nature called to the attention of the grand jury by the expert. In the justices accounts, he states, in making up some accounts he has charged up fees that have been imposed by the court, but not collected. The matter is recommended for the attention of the district attorney.

Expert Luce's report is authority for the statement that in the district attorney's office sixty cases have been disposed of, resulting in forty-two convictions, fourteen dismissals and four acquittals. From January 1st to October 28th, 1899, the sum of $12.86 was collected for delinquent school taxes in Courthouse district.

In the office of the county superintendent of schools and board of education, the expert found all warrants, bills and apportionments correct and all records well kept. A new system is recommended for the care of books in the county teachers' library. A tabulated statement of the business of the office is given.

Since his induction the coroner has held forty-four inquests, exclusive of eight held by justices. The affairs of the office are found to be correct.

The board of supervisors, the expert states, financially speaking, have had a large volume of business to transact during the twelve months. Bills have been pretty carefully looked over to see that they were properly computed. In some instances, the report says, bills have not been properly itemized and endorsed. A tabulated statement of figures is given in showing the business of the year.

The departments of the recorder is being carefully looked after. A very careful system of checking is followed to avoid mistakes. Everything was found correct in the auditing department.

The books and records in the treasurer's office are in a neat condition and are correctly kept.

The clerk's office is in good condition, all matters in the various departments well attended to and the records in proper order.

In the past twelve months the surveyor has paid into the treasury to his credit $218.80, covering fees collected. The expert contends that fees should be collected under the new law, despite the opinion rendered by the district attorney.

All matters pertaining to the assessor's accounts were found in a satisfactory condition, and the same is said for the office of the sheriff and tax collector. The expert says that the present license collector since coming into office has charged his fees under the statute law, collecting ten per cent. The statutes provide that the collector can retain ten per cent of all monies collected. Previous to this all matters in this department were settled in accordance with an ordinance passed by the board of supervisors, whereby the collector kept one dollar as his fee and paid fifty cents to the auditor for his fee. Under the statute law the auditor receives nothing.

A complete statement is made of the business of the county hospital and farm.

In his report of the accounts of the justices and constables Expert Luce dwells at length on a matter of conjecture with him. "Whether in the corporated cites there is not some understanding between the city officials and the justices and constables, whereby many city cases are turned over to the county officials, and the burden of expenses for keeping same in serving sentence is saddled on the county." He gives a lengthy opinion on the matter and cites the report of the city marshal of Santa Rosa.

In each office the expert gives a statement of the business transacted.

In Pain?

In the Back?
Then probably the kidneys.
In the Chest?
Then probably the lungs.
In the Joints?
Then probably rheumatism.

No matter where it is, nor what kind; you need have it no longer. It may be an hour, a day, or a year old; it must yield to

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster

Immediately after applying it you feel its soothing, warming, strengthening power.

It quiets congestion; draws out inflammation.

It is a new plaster.

A new combination of new remedies. Made after new methods. Entirely unlike any other plaster.

The Triumph of Modern Medical Science.

The Perfected Product of years of Patient Toil.

Placed over the chest it is a powerful aid to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the treatment of all throat and lung affections.

Placed over the stomach, it stops nausea and vomiting; over the bowels, it controls cramps and colic.

Placed over the small of the back, it removes all congestion from the kidneys and greatly strengthens weakness.

For sale by all Druggists.
J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Strayed.

One black mare with halter and one roan horse. Strayed from the premises of the undersigned, off Broadway Sonoma, on Sunday Dec. 24, 1899. Information leading to recovery of same will be suitably rewarded. W. G. BENTON.

Sonoma, Dec. 30, 1899.

Wanted at Once.

50 PIANISTS, VOCALISTS AND STRING INSTRUMENTALISTS

FOR A

Big Musical Festival.

Address at this office.

Cement Work

Notice to Contractors.

The Board of Trustees of the Sonoma Valley Union High School invite proposals for furnishing the labor and materials to give a cement coating to the south and west walls (and where else needed) of the High School Building situated in Sonoma City, Sonoma County, in accordance with specifications to be had of the undersigned and to the satisfaction of the Board. Bids will be opened January 6th, 1900.

FRED'K T. DUHRING, Secretary.
Dated at Sonoma, December 15th, 1899.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM GREEN, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executor of the will of William Green, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor, at his office, on the East side of the Plaza, in Sonoma City, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate, in the County of Sonoma, State of California.

LOUIS H. GREEN,
Executor of the will of William Green, deceased.

Dated at Sonoma, Cal., December 23, 1899.
ROBERT A. POPPE, Attorney for Estate.

Baby's First Picture

—TAKEN—

—:— FREE

—BY—

CRAWFORD,
THE PHOTOGRAPHER,
Joslin Gallery, 856 Main St., opposite American Hotel,
PETALUMA.

California Nursery Co.

Niles, Cal.

JOHN ROCK, MANAGER.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

ORANGES, OLIVES, GRAPES AND RESISTING VINES, PALMS, ROSES AND FLOWERING SHRUBS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Largest and Most Complete Stock on the Pacific Coast.

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE.

FINE PRINTING At this office.

MISCELLAEOUNS.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know it.

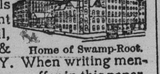
How To Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

What to Do.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in 50c. and $1. sizes.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.



Home of Swamp-Root.

I SELL CHEAP And Sell a Heap.

—o—

A full Line of FURNITURE and HOUSEHOLD GOODS. Baby Buggies New at $3.25. Agent for the New White Sewing Machine At bedrock prices. All kinds of repairs and repairing. Upholstering and Carpet Beating Works. See my new and Second-hand Carpets, Oilcloths, LINOLEUM, Rugs, Window Shades, Extension Tables, LOCKS and thousands of useful articles.

J. M. GUTERMUTE

No. 804 Main St., second door south of Washington, Petaluma.

Great Bargains

—IN—

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED GOODS . .

Consisting of—

Laces, Ribbons, Boys' Socks.

Children's Stockings can be bought from 2c a pair up.

A Fine Line of Holiday Goods.

T. A. GILBERT,
871 Main St., Petaluma.

The Elvezia Saloon . .

A. Dalessi, Manager.

—BEST BRANDS—

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

N. E. Corner Plaza, SONOMA.

The Place To Trade

HEMENWAY & McALLISTER

GROCERS

McNear's Building, Lower Main st., Petaluma.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR "GLADstone, His Life and Public Services," by Thos. W. Handford. A wonderful story of a glorious career. Over 500 large, radiant pages. 100 superb, rare engravings. Richest, biggest, best and only endorsed "Gladstone book" published. Only $1.50. Commission, 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight paid. Outfit free. Drop all trash and clear $300 a month with the only true and good "Gladstone book." Address THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dep't. 36 532-356 Dearborn street Chicago.

SHOES 1/2 SOLED

Ladies' - 35c
Gents' - 50c

AT

RUSSELL'S Shoe Store

865 Main Street, PETALUMA.

MISCELLANEOUS. MISCELLANEOUS.

DUHRING'S

—o—

Beginning Monday, December 11th

Will Display an Unusually Beautiful Collection of

HOLIDAY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF—

Gold and Silver Jewelry, Medallion Pictures,

Crockery, Lamps, Toys,

Stationery and Toilet Articles.

DUHRING'S

Your Poor Feet are now at rest

WHEN YOU WEAR THE GENUINE

Orthropedic $3.50 SHOE.

They can be had as but one firm and that is from

G. H. HOTZ.

AT CLEWE'S

YOU WILL FIND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF

Useful and Ornamental Christmas Presents . .

NOVELTIES IN ALL LINES.

AT CLEWE'S.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT SCHOCKEN'S

CONSISTING OF—

Toys, Fancy Articles.

Perfumery, Toilet Soaps,

Fancy French Mixed Candies

from $6

Cash.

Vineburg Station, twice a week.

Make Your

When in Petaluma buy your

HOLIDAY GOODS

—FROM—

DAUNT.

Here you will find the Largest and Best line of SILVER NOVELTIES and CUT GLASS in the county AND PRICES THE LOWEST, being direct from the factory.

☞ FINE REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS. No botch work.

A chance on a $50 Diamond with every 25c purchase or repairs.

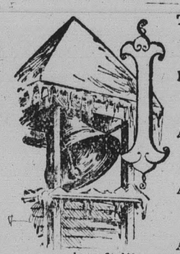
DAUNT, The Optician and Jeweler, 809 Main street, Petaluma.

HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT

A MERRY CHRISTMAS 1899

A HAPPY NEW YEAR 1900

A CHRISTMAS BELL



T wasn't a very big belfry, but roomy enough for the bell,
For it swung away out to the breezes when it hed anythin' ter tell,
An' often it seemed ter sing for me, when I pulled ther worn old rope,
A soundin' some holy message that was full uv blessed hope,
An' its tones was sweet an' soft-like as a woman's when she tries
To hush the wee ones cuddlin' down, an' close their sleepy eyes.
Yes! Tender as some soft lullaby that mother used to sing.
'Twould make er boy uv me again, to hear the ol' bell ring.

On Christmas we wuz wedded, an' 'twas then the bell was hung;
I recollect how full uv joy it sounded when it rung,
So many things it said to us so clear an' sweet an' strong,
Like er heavenly benediction on our pathway all er-long;
An' Susan whispered soft, "Amen!" ez if 'twas sayin' er grace,
Smilin' so sweet up in my eyes as the snowflakes kissed her face
An' "peace on earth, good will to men," the echoes seemed to bring,
Just like the song of Bethlehem, to hear the ol' bell ring.

The golden cross a-shinin' on the steeple up so high,
Was like a holy finger pointin' upward toward the sky;
An' one by one the stars peeped out, a-gleamin' through the night,
Ez though Almighty meant each man to hev er beacon light.
Ther belfry-tower seemed hallowed, as a place midway between
The earth below an' heaven above, where angels come unseen;
An' when they whispered to it the secrets that they bring
I pulled ther rope, and what they spoke I heered the ol' bell ring.

An' so through all the passin' years a friend without alloy,
It shared with me my burdens, my sorrows an' my joy;
Almos' a living thing it seemed, a-swingin' to an' fro,
With me a-pullin' on the rope an' standin' jest below;
An' such a heap uv comfort then it sounded to me there,
I hed to climb up every night the little windin' stair,
Jest so that I might tech it; and, oh! it seemed to bring
Me purty nigh to heaven, to hear the ol' bell ring.

—Chicago News.

CHRISTMAS OF 1900.

Plan to Have the Whole Christian World Unite in Its Celebration.

It is planned to have a great Christmas celebration in 1900, which will be begun with the ringing of the "Peace and Liberty Bell" in Jerusalem. It is expected that this will be the most joyous Christmas since the first one, and that on the first Christmas of the new century the whole Christian world will join simultaneously in a grand chorus, "Peace on earth." It will be one of the most novel ceremonies ever conceived, and preparations are now being made for its successful consummation. The committee having the celebration in charge has invited the Peace Bell committee to meet in the Holy Land Christmas eve, 1900, on the spot where the shepherds received the message: "Glory to God in the highest." Upon this occasion, and at the same time, the corner stone of the great temple to be erected in the Holy Land will be laid. A large number of people is expected to attend this ceremony, as the celebration will be one of the most memorable events in the history of the Christian world.

As now proposed, the bell will be connected with the cables reaching to all parts of the earth. Then, a half hour before the time is set for its ringing, all telegraphic business to be stopped, and every system in the world will be connected with the Jerusalem wire. The thousands of wires will speed the message to millions of waiting people when the bell is rung. Every congregation in Christendom will be assembled in its place of worship. When the bell is rung the message, "Peace on earth," will be flashed over the world at the same moment, and a grand, glorious chorus singing the doxology will rise from millions of throats. Never in the world's history has such an idea been conceived and carried out, and never has there been such a grand chorus as will raise their voice in praise and rejoicing at the same time. The entire Christian world will take part, and those who evolved the idea are busying themselves preparing for the greatest Christian demonstration ever known.

ON HISTORY'S PAGE.

Some Notable Events that Have Taken Place on the Christmas Date.

Some important events in the world's history have taken place on Christmas day. Two notable coronations occurred on Christmas, that of Charlemagne, as Emperor of the West, in the year 800, and that of William the Conqueror, at Westminster Abbey, in 1066. Clovis, the first Christian King of France, was baptized on Christmas day, 496.

Sir Isaac Newton, whose grand discovery of the law of gravitation resulted from the simple fact of his seeing an apple fall to the ground, was born on Christmas day, 1642.

In 1776 Gen. Washington celebrated the day by performing one of the most hazardous and most brilliant maneuvers in the annals of war. Under cover of the night he crossed the Delaware at McKonkey's ferry, amid the perils of storm and ice, and marched his brave little army to Trenton, where on the following morning, he routed the Hessians.

It is a significant fact that no great battles were fought on Christmas day. They have occurred on the 24th and 26th of December, but the anniversary of the advent of peace on earth has ever been observed by a cessation of hostilities. A notable exception, however, is that of the battle of Okeechobee, Fla., in which Zachary Taylor defeated the Indians, 1837.

On Christmas day of 1861 President Lincoln and his cabinet met and decided to comply with the demand of Great Britain for the release of Mason and Slidell, who had been captured while on their way to England and France as representatives of the Confederacy.

In 1868 President Johnson made Christmas day memorable by issuing a proclamation granting full pardon to everyone who had taken part in the rebellion.

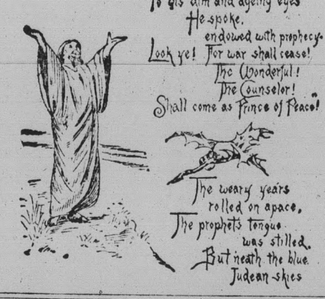
The Pilgrims, who condemned all church festivals, spent their first Christmas in America working hard all day

The Wife.

On New Year's, when she hears him say
He'll swear off every fault,
She takes it in a quiet way,
And with a grain of salt.

The Christmas Story

By Charlotte Wilcox



The robed and sandalled prophet stood
And prayed 'neath Eastern skies
God to reveal some coming good
To his dim and ageing eyes
He spoke, endowed with prophecy.
Look ye! For war shall cease!
The Wonderful!
The Counselor!
Shall come as Prince of Peace!
The weary years rolled on apace,
The prophet's tongue was stilled.
But 'neath the blue Judean skies

His vision was fulfilled.
What time the herald angels sang
Of love that shall not cease,
And reverent Kings came bearing gifts
To One the Prince of Peace!
The Kings, the shepherds and their flocks,
The stall, the manger low,
Have like the prophet now become
A part of long ago.
But the prophet's words, the angels' song
Ring on, and shall not cease.
For love on earth, Good will to man
Came with the Prince of Peace!

DRESSING THE TREE.

It Can Be Prettily Decorated with Material Found in Every Home.

One form of Christmas giving that always pleases the child is the time-honored but ever-new Christmas tree, with its myriads of twinkling tapers, its gift-laden branches, its shining, sparkling ornaments. It is a marvelous creation, and the children's joy and delight repays the elders for their work. It is not so much work to dress a tree, either, and one pities the parents or the grown-up members of the family who begrudge the labor—that is a pleasure, too—required to prepare it.

Expensive decorations are not essential: a tree can be very prettily decorated out of material found in every home. Yards upon yards of popcorn can be strung in circles, or in long lengths for festoons; and the ruby red of cranberries contrasts very prettily with the white, while the children will make a pastime of stringing them, and of making chains of many-colored papers for the same purpose. Cotton batting laid on some of the branches and frosted with mica powder will resemble snow, but do not use it too lavishly, as it makes the tree look too heavy. Red apples and yellow oranges should alternate with the tarleton or mosquito net bags of candy, depending from the boughs. For the very top a gilt paper star, fixed in place before the tree is set up, is a symbolical and suitable ornament. If gifts are not numerous, there are always the home-made dainties to fall back upon.

And if it doesn't seem "worth while to go to all that trouble just for" one's own children, conspire with some relative or neighbor friend, and by joining forces and halving the toil make two families happy instead of one.

Christmas Eve.

Secrets, secrets everywhere,
Swarms of secrets in the air!
Something's hid from papa's eyes,
May and Slyboots look so wise,
Even baby's lips are close,
Folded like a crimson rose;
Wee, sweet secrets everywhere,
I can feel them in the air!

—Youth's Companion.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SANTA CLAUS.

OLD YEAR, FAREWELL!

FLEETING year! Ah, me! how swift!
The heavy clouds of memory lift
And gleaming through their leaden haze
The changes of past hours and days
Peer out, like pictures, rich in tint,
Sombber, or bright with sunny glint;
Brief visions of past joys and woes—
They call me at the old year's close—

Call me once more to turn and dwell
On days gone by. The sad farewell
Comes slowly from my aching heart
And silently the tear drops start.
A picture here of merry times
When life rang out its golden chimes,
When friends and welcome, home and power,
Filled with delight each passing hour.

Succeeding this in swift array
The dawn of sorrow's tearful day
Breaks through the sullen shade, and lo!
A vision of distress and woe;
The home forsaken, friends untrue,
Old treasures swept from longing view,
Parted the hearts that loved so well,
While anguish tolls each solemn knell.

Joy and distress, delight and pain,
Come surging o'er my heart again;
Back through the moments bright and drear
I live again the vanished year.
One fleeting year—and yet I dread
To name the griefs—to count the dead;
On joys alone my thoughts would dwell—
Thy joys are past—Old Year, farewell!

—Springfield Republican.

TIME FOR REJOICING.

Christmas Holidays Bring to Mind Sweet Memories.

The aroma of a feast always clings to a holiday—but to none so gloriously, so deliciously as to Christmas. The roots of words are oftimes buried deep by the passage of time. The religious aspect of the Christmas anniversary, too, has given place to festivity by popular consent and general observance. Not that the day's pleasures are objectionable, but that time has changed the day from one of somber religious observance to a glorious, rollicking, merrymaking in which joy and good cheer join hands to warm the hearts of humanity, and a bounteous land laughs a plentiful harvest to comfort the stomachs of its people. Then why not rejoice with your fellows, for all is joy on Christmas day. Not until babes cease to be born, and small children forget to prattle at the maternal knee, and memory's sun has set, will Kris Kringle, Santa Claus or St. Nicholas (whichever you have a mind to call him) pass from the lives of old and young. The approach of Christmas softens the calloused tentacles of the heart, and to the man of good feeling it means a regeneration, a return to youth. It matters not if he be old and unlovable. His capacity for loving may grow, instead of wither, with age. And how much better it is to give than to receive. This the old man knows and feels, although he may not have passed the age of selfishness entirely. What other holiday brings to mind such sweet memories as Christmas? With bachelor and benedict, maid and matron, Christmas time is the season of gladness and rejoicing. It is the vernal equinox of the soul. Despite all the old croakers Christmas is still the same kind of Christmas it used to be. If people insist upon growing old and losing their appetites for the good things of Christmas, that is their own fault. Probably no other day in the year brings to mind so many pleasant recollections. The world stops making history on Christmas day, for it belongs to the fireside rather than to the field or forum. And to one and all we wish the merriest kind of a Christmastide.

Christmas Chit Chat.

If you'd give your girl a present she will keep, don't choose a diary.

Many a person has got kicked for looking a gift horse in the mouth.

The average Christmas slipper is about the worst thing that a man can put his foot into.

Doing business without advertising is about the same as for a pretty girl to hang up her mistletoe and then neglect to stand under it.

There is a drawback to everything in this world. The biggest stocking the small boy can find is the golf variety without any foot in it.

When you are careful not to let your little boy have anything noisy for Christmas there is sure to be some kind friend who will give him a drum and a whistle.

—Judge.

HOLIDAYS

THE OLD YEAR.

IF all the old year's days could speak,
I wonder what they'd say—
The snowy days, the blowy days,
The flowery days of May;
The summer days, when shady ways
Were made for children's feet;
Vacation days, when for their plays
The country was so sweet!

If all the old year's days could speak—
Just think of it awhile—
Would their report bring bitter tears,
Or the sunshine of a smile?
And could they speak from week to week
Of honest work well done,
Of well-used powers in study hours,
Of fairness in the fun?

Of thankful thought for kindness wrought
When homes are rich and glad;
Of tender care to give or share
Where homes are poor and sad;
Of pleasant ways in dark, dull days;
Of little, gentle deeds;
Of earnest hours among heart's flowers,
In plucking hurtful weeds?

Can the year speak of patience meek
Where grief has stopped awhile,
Of courage bold, for weak and old
A loving word or smile?
Methinks the year must seem most dear
If thus its speech can be;
O'erfull of joys for girls and boys—
A year of jubilee.
—Christian Advocate.

Christmas in Cheshire

GENEVIEVE CASAUBON had that peculiar kind of beauty that attracts and at the same time repels. Her hand and wrist were finely formed, and her profile and stature were such that artists longed to produce them on canvas in the trailing dresses and jewels she wore in the London drawing rooms. She was usually spoken of as being remarkably clever, with the addition that her sarcasm was tragic and her wit ridicule. She had made a brilliant match in marrying St. John Casaubon of Ladislawshire, in Kent. Genevieve came from a poor family, "good," though not exactly aristocratic—nothing lower than an admiral or a clergyman. For generations they had made Cheshire their home, yet Genevieve had left it without a sigh of regret; she seemed anxious to be away, the town women said, and they trotted themselves tired from one simple cottage to another telling of the preliminaries of the wedding, the splendid style of St. John Casaubon, and how handsomely Genevieve would live.

"La, I do be sorry for Solomon Fletcher! The way she ha' turned 'im down," said stout, rosy Liza Peer, who sat talking to Mrs. Lydgate across the sewing machine, at which she was constructing overalls for a shop.

"But Solomon ain't no man for 'er, nor for you. 'E 'as too much of religion in 'is face. An' if 'e'd only quit them Free Methodists 'e would be better hoff an' not doin' so much shoutin'!"

"Yes," said Liza. "But I do be sorry for 'im. It may be nice to wear fine feathers an' satin, but Miss Genevieve would be 'appier if she took Solomon, Free Methodists and all."

And now, six years after she became a bride, with the light of conquest in her eye and the pride of gratified vanity in her step, Mrs. St. John Casaubon was returning to Cheshire, a widow, to visit the mother and two young sisters, whom she had never cared before to see and merely thought of from a sense of duty to note that the allowance which St. John generously provided was properly paid over the last of each month.

The delightful night before Christmas Cheshire was wrapt in a garb of crisp, white snow, through which waded women and children, and even men, to reach the old frame school house which was this night converted into a place of worship. For Solomon Fletcher, long removed, had returned to Cheshire and it was announced that he would address the town folk.

Genevieve's rich furs and velvet dress, with the pearl embroidery, were out of place in the humble edifice and in striking contrast with the poorer clothes of her mother, who sat beside her on the wooden bench. The proud head on the white, slender throat was held high and her full lip curled disdainfully at the surroundings; a faint flush dyed her pale, thin face, which wore the haunted look of a soul in despair. But the face was still beautiful in its haughty scorn and sorrow.

A murmur of expectancy ran through the crowd as the broad, manly figure of Solomon Fletcher mounted the platform, with his hands clasped loosely behind him. Raising his deep-set blue eyes toward heaven and standing away from the table which served as a pulpit, he began speaking in a clear voice that resounded to the further end of the school house, so as all could hear:

"Harken, O people, every one of ye, for I am come by his grace to point out to ye the follies of life, the vanities of the world. 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!' Surely every man walketh in a vain show. He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them. They that trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, what care they for the glory of God? for the forgiveness of their souls? for the souls of their fellows? for him who was crucified to save the world? for the mission of man? for the life everlasting? He thinketh not of these things, for he loveth not God. Such man, being vanity, cannot last. Like the beasts, he perishes forever. Like sheep, he is laid in the grave and death shall feed upon him.

"Oh, ye people harken! Turn away from that which will destroy your souls. Listen not to the devils who flatter with their tongues. For a good tree bringeth not forth corrupt fruit; neither doth a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. As ye would that men should do unto you, do you also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye? For sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? For sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? For sinners also lend to sinners to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good and lend, hoping for nothing again, and your reward shall be great and ye shall be the children of the Highest, for he is kind with the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye also merciful, as your father is also merciful. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. Offer the sacrifices of righteousness and put your trust in the Lord. Stand in awe and sin not, commune with your own heart upon your bed and be still and find peace and rest in the Lord."

"Amen, amen," echoed the people.

The carriage was waiting at the hitching post. Slowly Genevieve arose to her tall height and grasped her mother's arm for support. She felt a stifled feeling at her throat, a tight something which held her head like a vise. In vain she tried to speak. All eyes were turned on her. With unsteady step she walked from the place, with head erect, seeing not, and, throwing her arms above her head, cried, in a stifled voice:

"My God! I'm dying!" and fell prone on the snow-covered walk, which was dyed in places by a stream of crimson oozing from her mouth.

Liza Peer opened the door of Mrs. Brook's home to admit the massive figure in the close red coat later that night.

"She just keeps a-callin' an' a-moanin' for you all the time, Solomon Fletcher; an' the doctor said 'twas best to send for you. Come in where she be."

Solomon Fletcher approached the bed and paused, scarce knowing in his rough way whether to stand and watch by Genevieve or to comfort hysterical little Mrs. Brook. It seemed to him that his presence had brought an air of expectancy that effused even him.

Heavily the white lids opened and Genevieve's dark eyes were fixed on his face.

"You are ill, Mrs. Casaubon; tell me what I can do," said Solomon.

"I am dying," she said. "And I would talk to you before it is too late."

"I love you, I have always loved you," she said. "When we were children together and you scolded me for being cross I loved you; when you talked of the folly of lace-trimmed dresses and called my clothes vain, no matter what I said, Solomon, I loved you; when we were older and used to walk to and from church together, and——" She fell back among the pillows, and the jewels glittered on her fingers as she drew aside the lace at her long throat.

"Do not excite yourself, Mrs. Casaubon; you must save your strength."

"For what? That I may be the longer dying? Solomon, do you remember the day we sat on the river bank and made violet wreaths of the sweet spring blossoms? And you kissed my hand at parting?"

"Yes, Genevieve, it is a happy memory."

"And the last happy day of my life. I married him, not because I loved him, nor admired him, nor even respected him, but because he had riches and high standing. I loved you, but I married him for my vanity, my ambition."

Mrs. Brook had listened to her daughter's words, and now sank back in Miss Lydgate's arms in a half faint. Only Solomon remained calm.

"How I longed for him to die, that I might be free!" Genevieve continued. "I murdered him, Solomon."

"No, you did not," Solomon replied.

"Yes I did. I held the lines the day he got out to fix the bridles and was so stupid with drink he fell before the horses' feet. I could have stopped them, but I did not; I let them go on and stamp him down, all four of them, and the heavy coach rolled over him as well; and because I fainted they thought I cared! But I murdered him, Solomon; I murdered him for the gratification of self."

She pressed a fine thread handkerchief to her lips and lay so still among the pillows Solomon thought the end had come. But not yet was it so.

"To-morrow will be the Christmas day, and I shall have met my doom." She clutched at his arm in a frenzy of fear, and then, with supernatural strength, tore at the lace at her neck and threw fragments of the flimsy stuff on the floor. She snatched at the frills about her hands and robbed her fingers of their rich gems. Choking and gasping for breath and struggling in vain to speak again, she fell back in the arms of Solomon, held out to receive her.

As he laid her tenderly back on the downy pillows, the Christmas bells broke merrily forth, their sweet chiming sounding her death knell.

Standing, Solomon stretched out his hands over the still white form.

"God bless and forgive you, poor wandering soul."

The Christmas dawn crept slowly through the windows, and the bells ceased their chime.

About the Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree is believed by antiquarians to be a relic of the Druidical worship which once prevailed throughout central Europe, in France, Spain and the British islands. The evergreen oak was to the Druids a sacred tree. The mistletoe, a parasitic plant found on its branches, was equally holy. The custom of decorating a small tree at Christmastide prevailed in Germany throughout the middle ages, being a survival of the ancient custom of setting up a tree in the German village at this season in honor of the return of the sun from the south and the coming spring. In England the custom passed into disuse, but in 1842, on the first birthday of the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, a German, had a Christmas tree at court, the nobility soon followed suit and the practice became general.

Under the Mistletoe.

The pleasant old Christmas custom of a kiss under the mistletoe is a relic of Norse mythology. Baldur, the beautiful god of light, was slain by a spear whose shaft was a mistletoe twig. This was bewitched by Loki, the malevolent god of fire, until it swelled to the requisite size and was given by him to blind Hodur, who threw it and unintentionally struck Baldur when the gods were at play. Friga had made everything in heaven and earth swear not to harm Baldur, but had left out the mistletoe as being too slight and weak to be of harm. Baldur, however, was restored to life and Friga guarded the mistletoe, which the gods determined should not again have the power to do any mischief unless it touched the earth. For this reason it is always hung from the ceiling and the vigilant goddess, propitiated by the kiss, a sign of good will.

If I Were Santa Claus.

If I were only Santa Claus,
And Santa Claus was me,
I'd show him just what a good
Old Santa Claus I'd be,
I'd always bring the kind of toys
And story books for him;
I'd find his stocking ev'ry year,
And fill it to the brim.
This year I'd bring a book or so
On how we conquered Spain,
Or how a boy pursued his foe
Across the Klondike plain.
And boxing gloves—and, say, I guess
A pistol would be great
To Klondike with. And then—oh, yes,
A wheel for ninety-eight.
I'd bring a leather suit and hat—
The kind that cowboys wear,
Of bowie knives and things like that
He'd have a lot to spare.
I'd fill his stocking then with all
The candy it would hold,
And where the packages were small
I'd fill in round with gold,
And when they saw how good I was,
How happy folks would be
If I were only Santa Claus
And Santa Claus was me.
—New York Herald.

Household Diplomacy.

"Yes, I always give Dickie a magic lantern every Christmas."

"Why do you do that?"

"It keeps my husband at home for several nights trying to make it work."

Meteorological Conditions.

"What is a green Christmas, sister Madge?" "A green Christmas? Why, it is the time when a girl gets nine bunches of holly and only one box of candy."

SANTA CLAUS IN THE "COLONIES."

UNPREPARED FOR CUBAN CLIMATE
HE MAKES GOOD TIME IN THE KLONDIKE
AMONG THE FILIPINOS
NEXT HOUSE 147½ MILES
RAMBLES THROUGH HAWAII IN A DRIZZLING RAIN.
FINDS THE LADRONES UNBEARABLE

THE DREAM OF THE TOY.

The Sandman lost a dream one night—
A dream meant for a boy;
It floated round awhile, and then
It settled on a Toy.

The Toy dreamed that it stood in class
With quite a row of boys;
The teacher rapped upon his desk
And cried, "Less noise! less noise!"

Then, looking at the Toy, he scowled
And said, "Next boy—foretell."
"Oh, please sir," cried the little Toy,
"I don't know how to spell.

"Indeed, I don't know how it is,
I'm sure I am a toy,
Although I seem to be in class,
And dressed up like a boy."

"What's that? What's that?" the teacher cried—
In awful tones he spoke:
He came with strides across the floor,
And then the Toy awoke.

There lay the nursery very still,
The shelf above its head;
The fire burned dimly on the hearth,
The children were in bed.

There lay the dolls and Noah's Ark.
"Oh, dear me," said the Toy,
"I just had such a dreamful dream!
I dreamed I was a boy."
—St. Nicholas.

Jobson's Christmas Satire.

"WELL, I suppose the usual Christmas flubdub will be inaugurated around this wickieup pretty soon now," said Mr. Jobson to Mrs. Jobson, leering sideways at the sofa pillow, made of cast-off neckties, that she was working on. "Same old——"

"Mr. Jobson, the sordid way you have of speaking of such a benevolent, happy period as the Yule season——"

"——same old bunch of two-for-a-quarter handkerchiefs, and a bottle of patchouli perfumery, for Sadie, that sister of yours up in Rochester; same old green velvet shaving paper pocket for that pulp-headed brother of mine out West, I suppose; got to be that, if you're going to handle the Christmas game on the usual schedule. Thirty-cent gilded milking stool, with cherry-colored ribbons all over it, for those hayseed relatives of yours in Michigan, I suppose, as usual; pound of punk tobacco in a gaudy but not neat box for that warty, dollar-squeezing old skeesicks of an uncle of mine; 3-cent Christmas cards, with a lot o' dead-easy affectionate writing scribbled all over 'em for each and all of the 439 cotton-headed nieces and nephews and twenty-fourth cousins, in our genealogical repertoire, I suppose; same old——"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself to speak in that brutal, heartless way of—"

"——same old box of two-fer cigars, covered with gilt foil, to be inflicted upon that poor old doddering, harmless father of mine, I suppose; same old $1.29 black machine-made lace fichu for my mother. Why don't you buy her a string of glass beads or a red and green sled? Box of 12-cent tin soldiers and a pound of green-painted, bargain-counter candy for your brother's kid that never did anything to you, no doubt; 50-cent pianoforte portfolio, containing 'Monastery Bells,' 'The Black Hawk Waltz' and 'The Maiden's Prayer,' for that giggling niece of mine, who's got about as much music in her as a country-cured ham; as usual, I suppose, a $1.47 green lizard skin purse for that poor, light-witted sister of yours over in Pennsylvania, whose no-account husband hasn't earned a dollar to put in a purse since the Centennial. Then, I suppose, a 40-cent Oriental lace pin for that bossy, bulldozing woman with the basso profundo voice who runs your church guild; and I don't want to forget the 67-cent, all-morocco-bound copy of 'Lucille' for that watery eyed swamp-angel of a niece of yours in Illinois—the one that wanted to settle on us for life when she came here to the inauguration—to say nothing of a bum, cottony umbrella for your unfortunate softy of a father, who never did know more'n the law allows at that; same old bunch of carpet slippers for that pack of lazy hoodlums my sister is raising for State's prison in Wisconsin, doubtless; same old set of chess for that 80-year-old——"

"Well, of all the stony-hearted creatures that I ever heard talk, you, Mr. Jobson, are——"

"And I s'pose you're going to get me the usual padded smoking jacket of blue, green, yellow, orange, cerise, strawberry, violet, Tyrian purple stripes, hey?—thing that I wouldn't wear to a dog fight, much less around my home? Or are you going to get me a pipe without a hole being bored in the stem of the thing so that it can't be smoked? Or a pair of skates? Or a 75-diamond and turquoise scarf pin? Or a set of boxing gloves? I tell you what I wish you would buy me, Mrs. Jobson, and that's a ton of slow-burning coal to keep this blooming barn of a house warm enough for human habitation!"

Mrs. Jobson's face brightened.

"Then you really and seriously do believe in useful and practical presents?" she inquired.

"You can just bet your——"

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Jobson. "Then I know just exactly what I'll get you for Christmas. I'll get you some new carpet for the basement stairs."

"That'll be bully," said Mr. Jobson, with just a little trace of sarcasm in his tone. "And in return I'll blow you off to a new plug hat for myself."—Washington Post.